

No. 93

NOV...TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN  
DC PUBLICATION



The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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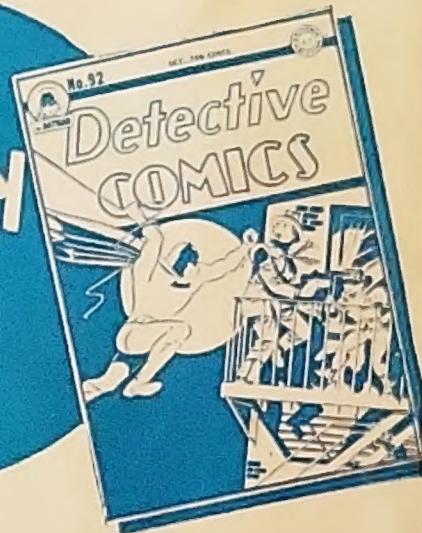
ALL-FUNNY COMICS  
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS  
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\*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

WANT ACTION?



WANT MYSTERY?



WANT LAUGHS?

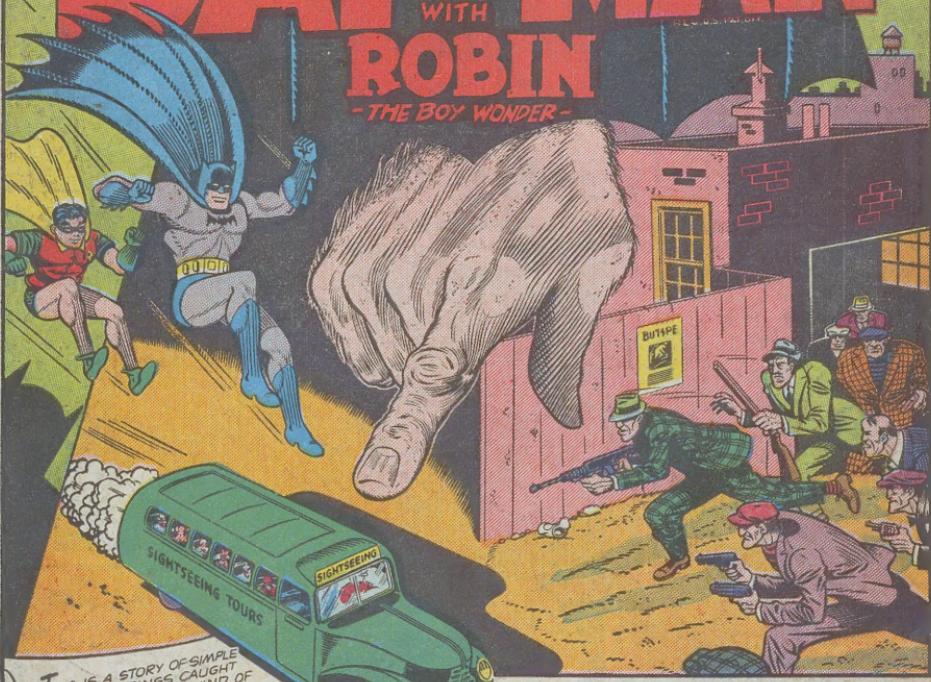


LOOK FOR THE  
SUPERMAN-DC SYMBOL...  
IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE ~~BEST~~ IN  
MAGAZINE COMICS!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-



THIS IS A STORY OF SIMPLE HUMAN BEINGS CAUGHT UP IN A WHIRLWIND OF PERILOUS EVENTS. A DESPAIRING GIRL... A WORRIED PLAYWRIGHT... A PAIR OF THOUGHTLESS RUNAWAY BOYS... THESE DWARFS THEIR PERSONAL PROBLEMS, AS CRIMINALS ATTEMPT KIDNAPPING, THEFT AND MURDER... ON AN INcredible SCALE... AND YET, THANKS TO THE SMASHING TESTS AND FLASHING WITS OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, THESE FATE-HOUNDED PEOPLE FIND THE ANSWERS TO THEIR TROUBLES, TOO, IN THIS STIRRING ADVENTURE OF -- "ONE NIGHT OF CRIME!"

1343  
SIGHTSEEING  
Tours  
TICKETS WHILE THEY LAST! FRILLS, THRILLS, CHILLS GUARANTEED...

BOB KANE



WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE ARE THESE, WHO SEEK AMUSEMENT OR KNOWLEDGE, BY PEERING INTO THE LIVES OF OTHER HUMANS? LET US LOOK CLOSELY AT SOME OF THEM...



WEALTHY VICTOR CLEMENT, SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT AND PRODUCER, IS SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A NEW DRAMATIC PLOT....



TWO CAPE FIGURES STREAK THROUGH THE DARKNESS TOWARD THE SOUND OF SHOOTING --- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...



LOVELY MARY DALE DREAMED OF BECOMING A GREAT ACTRESS... BUT REPEATED REBUFFS HAVE LEFT HER DISHEARTENED AND ALL BUT DESTITUTE...



FOOLISH JOHNNY REID AND EDDIE BARTON HAVE DREAMS ALSO... THEY HAVE RUN AWAY FROM THEIR HOMES IN FALLS CORNERS TO BECOME 'AMATEUR DETECTIVES'!



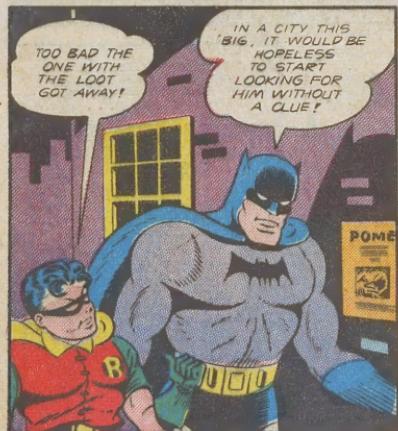
SPEAKING OF DRAMA... AT THIS MOMENT THE NIGHT REVERBERATES WITH IT, A SCANT TWO BLOCKS AWAY...



WINDMILL PISTOLS LASH OUT AT THE FLEEING OUTLAWS...



DETECTIVE COMICS



AS THE GREAT BUS STARTS ON ITS  
FAMILIAR ROUTE...A TELEPHONE  
CALL OPENS A GRIM GAME IN  
WHICH FATE IS THE DEALER AND  
HUMAN LIVES ARE AT STAKES!



HERE IS THE  
STREET CALLED  
THE PORT OF  
MISSING MEN  
WHERE  
DOWN-AND-OUTER  
WIND UP?

POOR FELLOWS!  
I SUPPOSE A  
LOT OF THEM  
WERE ALWAYS  
BUMS... BUT  
SOME MUST  
HAVE TRIED  
HARD AND  
FAILED, AS  
I HAVE!



**BUT UGLY EVENTS IN THE  
WAITING BUS MAKE IT SEEM  
DOUBTFUL WHETHER THE TWO  
LADS WILL EVER RETURN TO  
THEIR ANXIOUS PARENTS...**



YOU AREN'T IN OUR  
PARTY! WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

NOTHIN' BUT  
YOUR RUBBERNECK  
WAGON--AND  
YOUR CAP!

**NICE  
GOIN',  
DUTCH!**

AS THE SIGHTSEEING GROUP  
LEAVES THE JOSS HOUSE, WITH  
THE BARKER BRINGING  
UP THE REAR...



I'M  
TAKIN'  
OVER  
YOUR  
JOB,  
CHUM!







BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD DICK GRAYSON -- WHO ARE IN REALITY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER -- HEAR THE MESSAGE...





SUDDENLY MARY DALE SLUMPS...

I'M  
GOING  
TO  
FAINT...  
OHHHHH...

LEAVE HER  
ALONE!  
SHE'S OKAY  
WHERE SHE IS!

TEROR HOLDS THE ERSTWHILE  
SIGHTSEERS MOTIONLESS AS  
THEY ARE BOUND TIGHTLY...

HOW  
ABOUT  
HER?

FORGET HER? I'VE  
SEEN DAMES PAINT  
BEFORE! WHEN SHE  
WAKES UP IT'LL  
BE TOO LATE!

WE'LL CLOSE THE  
WATERTIGHT DOORS  
AND LET THE  
PLACE FILL UP!  
EVEN IF THEY  
GET LOOSE, THEY  
CAN'T TURN  
OFF THE  
WATER!

CHIEF,  
YOU THINK  
OF  
EVERYTHING!



IN A DAY  
OR TWO, WHEN  
THE HEAT'S OFF,  
WE'LL DROWN  
THE PLACE  
AND RUN THE  
BUS AND THE  
BODIES INTO  
THE RIVER!



AS THE DOORS  
BANG SHUT,  
MARY STIRS...

WHAT A  
GIRL!

HAVE THEY GONE?  
I ONLY PRETENDED  
TO FAINT, HOPING  
THEY WOULDN'T TIE  
ME! NOW I CAN UNTIE  
YOU PEOPLE!



JOHNNY AND EDDIE SUFFER A  
TARDY ATTACK OF HOMESICKNESS...

WHAT I  
WONLDN'T  
GIVE TO BE  
BACK IN FALLS  
CORNERS!

ME TOO--AND  
MAYBE I KNOW  
HOW WE CAN  
GET THERE!  
GOT A PENCIL  
AND PAPER?



FIND ME A BOLT  
OR A NUT OR  
SOMETHING,  
JOHNNY--AND A  
PIECE OF STRING  
OR A FIBER FROM  
SOME OF THAT  
ROPE!

OKAY,  
BUT I  
DON'T  
SEE WHAT  
FOR!



I'LL SHOW YOU  
WHAT FOR, IF  
YOU AREN'T  
DETECTIVE ENOUGH  
TO GUESS!





DETECTIVE COMICS





BLACK FURY MAKES THE BATMAN  
FORGET HIS OTHER FOES FOR A  
SPLIT SECOND...

GET UP AND  
FIGHT, RAT!

AND THAT MOMENT IS  
SUFFICIENT TO TURN THE  
TIDE OF THE BATTLE.

GOT HIM!

LATER...

IN WITH THEM!  
LET THEM DROWN  
WITH THE  
OTHERS!

IT'S A  
PLEASURE!

IT'S THE  
BATMAN!

AND THAT  
ROBIN KID!

THE SHOCK OF COLD WATER  
REVIVES THE DYNAMIC  
DUO...

I'M GLAD TO SEE  
YOU BOTH---BUT  
NOT IN THIS  
MESS!

I'M AFRAID WE  
DROPPED IN  
ON YOU RATHER  
ABRUPTLY!

ABRUPTLY  
ISN'T THE  
WORD!

THERE  
SEEM TO BE ANY  
ESCAPE. WE  
CAN'T SHUT  
OFF THE WATER.  
WE CAN'T OPEN  
THE DOORS.  
WE CAN'T  
REACH THE  
WINDOW!

I HAVE A  
PLAN THAT MAY  
WORK... BUSES  
OF THIS TYPE ARE  
USUALLY PROVIDED  
WITH STRIPS OF  
STEEL RUNNING  
LENGTHWISE...

RACING THE MOUNTING TIDE,  
THEY LABOR FEVERISHLY...

I'M NOT  
SCARED  
ANY MORE,  
MR. BATMAN!

ONE END  
OF THIS  
PIECE IS  
LOOSE!

LUCKY WE  
FOUND A  
KIT OF  
TOOLS!





DETECTIVE COMICS





A SORRY BAND OF PRISONERS AWAITS THE POLICE...



WE DECIDED TO HIJACK THE LOOT FROM TIGER. WE SNATCHED THE BUS AND KILLED TIGER WHEN HE PULLED A GUN. THEN WE FIGURED WE'D NEVER GET NAILED FOR THE MURDER IF WE DROWNED ALL THE WITNESSES!



LEST THIS SHOULD  
SEEM TO BE  
ONLY  
ANOTHER  
STORY OF  
GANGSTER'S  
GREED  
AND THE  
WAGES  
OF SIN,  
LET US SEE  
WHAT  
BY-PRODUCTS  
OF  
HAPPINESS  
IT  
BROUGHT  
FORTH...

REMEMBER CLEMENT'S WORRIES?...

I HAVE THE PLOT FOR MY NEW DRAMA NOW! IT WILL BE A CRIME STORY THAT WILL TAKE THE COUNTRY BY STORM! AND I KNOW JUST THE ACTRESS TO PLAY THE LEADING ROLE!



AND  
MARY'S  
DESPAIR?

ANY GIRL WHO COULD  
PULL THAT  
PAINTING STUNT  
WITH DEATH  
STARING HER IN THE FACE--  
AND STILL REMAIN COOL AND  
COLLECTED--IS A GREAT  
ACTRESS! WILL YOU HONOR  
MY NEXT PRODUCTION  
WITH YOUR TALENT?

AND TO  
THINK I  
WAS  
ALMOST  
READY TO  
GIVE UP!



HENCEFORTH TWO 'AMATEUR DETECTIVES' WILL CONFINE THEIR SLEUTHING TO LESS DANGEROUS FIELDS....

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE TAKING US BACK TO FALLS CORNERS IN THE BATPLANE? WE'LL BE HEROES TO THE OTHER KIDS!

AND WELL BE JUST AS GLAD TO SEE OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS AGAIN AS THEY'LL BE TO SEE US!



I FEEL PRETTY GOOD  
ABOUT THE WHOLE  
THING--DON'T  
YOU, ROBIN?

AND HOW?



HE'S POLISHING UP ON HIS  
JAP LINGO SO HE KNOWS HOW  
TO ASK FOR WHEATIES WHEN  
WE HIT TOKYO!

JAPANESE  
ENGLISH  
Dictionary

done GORDO

YOU CAN'T ASK FOR A BETTER BREAKFAST DISH  
THAN A HEAPING BOWL OF GOLDEN TOASTED  
WHEATIES, SWIMMING IN RICH MILK, AND TOPPED  
WITH JUICY, FRESH FRUIT.

NOW YOU'RE REALLY EATING. BIG FLAKES OF  
HUSKY WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED TO SPARKLING  
CRISPNESS. AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET  
MALT SYRUP...THAT'S WHEATIES. AND THAT'S A DISH  
CHUCK-FULL OF CHAMPION WHOLE GRAIN NOURISH-  
MENT AND DELICIOUS "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

GET YOUR SHARE OF WHEATIES SWELL  
NOURISHMENT AND ZIPPY FLAVOR

AND KEEN FUN. PUT IN  
YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF  
MILK AND FRUIT AND  
WHEATIES, FAMOUS  
"BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS."

POLISH OFF A BIG  
BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES  
...EVERY MORNING!

"**BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS**"  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade  
marks of General Mills, Inc.

# AIR WAVE

Geo  
Rousse

Can you imagine *Air Wave* breaking the law he is sworn to uphold? Can you picture the Wizard of Wireless embarking upon a career of crime? Neither the forces of law nor of lawlessness can quite comprehend such a strange step...and they are left gasping for breath when "*Air Wave* joins the underworld!"



IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY *Larry Jordan*, a jeering news-paper editorial ruffles a few feelings...

THE PAPERS ARE SURE MAKING IT TOUGH FOR US, MR. JORDAN! WITH THAT CLUE WE HAVE, THEY FIGURE WE OUGHT TO STOP THE BIG BOSS COLD!

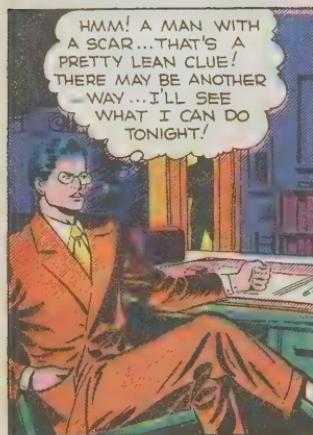
IF ONLY THEY REALIZED WHAT A SLENDER CLUE IT REALLY IS!

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT BIG BOSS HAS A SCAR ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD...WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE TO FIND HIM!

WELL MR. JORDAN! ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP OUR EYES OPEN FOR MEN WITH SCARS. WE'LL HOPE SUCH A PERSON TURNS UP!



DETECTIVE COMICS





LOOKS LIKE *Larry Jordan* IS GETTING IN DEEP, DOESN'T IT? BUT THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

HEY, DAT'S DA DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HOUSE!

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT DAT? DERE'S SOME VALUABLE STUFF BUT IF YOUSE GUYS ARE SCARED...

OKAY, PAL! OKAY! SO WHAT... WE DO A JOB ON THE D.A.'S PLACE, HA, HA!

WE'LL STAY OUT HERE AND KEEP AN EYE PEELLED FER DA COPS!

THIS IS A GOOD ONE—ROBBING MY OWN HOUSE!

IMAGINE A SAP WHO'D PICK DA D.A.'S HOUSE! WE WERE SURE LUCKY TO RUN INTA HIM...

I'LL HAND THEM THE LOOT I'VE PREPARED! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THEY'RE ABOUT TO SKEDADDLE!

WHY IS *Larry Jordan* SO CONSIDERATE, AND AT HIS OWN EXPENSE? WE'LL SOON FIND OUT...MEANWHILE...

DIS GOLD CLOCK LOOKS VALUABLE—HOLD IT WHILE I SOICH FER WHAT EVER ELSE DERE IS!

NICE WOIK, PAL...YA SURE KNOW HOW TO PULL A JOB!

Suddenly...

AN ALARM...AND THE POLICE SIREN! LOOKS AS IF MY TWO PALS HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST IF I DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT ROBBING MY OWN HOUSE!

IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS OWN HOME...A QUICK CHANGE TO GARB OF THE MAGICIAN OR RADIO!

A ROLLING STONE GETS DIZZY AFTER A WHILE!

SHUT-UP, STATIC! I'VE GOT NO TIME NOW TO WASTE ON YOUR TANGLED PROVERBS!

SECONDS LATER...

HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN!

Hi Wave! WE GOT A TIP THIS HOUSE WAS BEING ROBBED... BUT WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU!



FALSE ALARM, BOYS! NO ROBBERY AT THIS PLACE! I'M ONLY WAITING HERE FOR MR. JORDAN TO RETURN.

IN THAT CASE, WE'LL VAMOOSE. *Air Wave!* SORRY WE INTERRUPTED! BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO SENT IN THAT TIP!

AS THE POLICE DEPART...

NOW TO TAKE UP THE CHASE, STATIC! I'LL JUST TUNE IN ON OUR TWO TREACHEROUS PALS AND LEARN WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT!

IT WAS DOIFECT. BOSS! I'M SURE DA SAP WAS STILL DERE WHEN DA COPS CAME!

EXCELLENT! HE'LL BLAB FOR SURE, BUT HE'LL DESCRIBE "BIG BOSS" AS HAVIN' NO SCAR, SINCE HE'LL BE DESCRIBING YOU!

HEAR THAT, STATIC? ON THE TRAIL! HE WANTS US TO STOP SEARCHING FOR A MAN WITH A SCAR!

NICE WORK, BOYS! THINGS ARE GOING TO COOL OFF NOW THAT THE'VE CAUGHT SOMEONE. THE PRESS WILL EASE UP AND THE COPS WILL FALL ASLEEP!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM! COME ON, STATIC ... WE'RE TRACING THAT VOICE!

WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, *Air Wave* ARROWS ALONG THE TELEGRAPH WIRES...

HASTE MAKES A SWIFT PACE!

WE CAN'T GET THERE TOO SOON FOR ME! I'M IN A HURRY TO MEET THIS BIG BOSS!

THAT'S WHERE HE IS! HOLD ON TO YOUR FEATHERS, STATIC... THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT OF ACTION!

THE SQUARE OF RUFFLED FEATHERS EQUALS ACTION...

BUT AS *Air Wave* LEAPS DOWN, A SUDDEN CLOUD OF DUST RISES TO BLIND HIM!





NEVERTHELESS, THE UNDAUNTED WIZARD OF WIRELESS, ATTACKS...

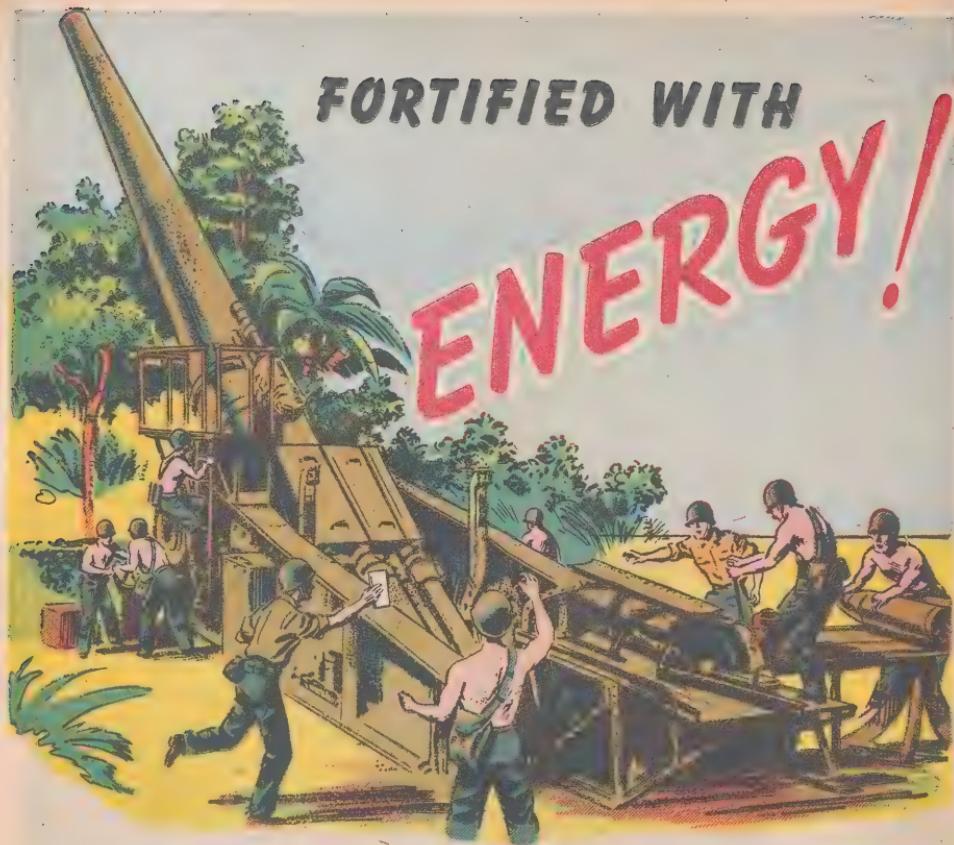


DETECTIVE COMICS



AWWRK!  
A LESSON!  
TO THUGS...  
BEWARE OF  
Air Wave  
BEARING  
GIFTS!

# FORTIFIED WITH ENERGY!



Powerful firing equipment to guard our shores are the U. S. Coastal Defense Guns, placed at strategic points, manned by alert artillerymen. Raised and lowered instantly, they pack tremendous ENERGY-wallop—fortify our coastline.

## Baby Ruth HELPS TO FORTIFY YOU WITH FOOD-ENERGY

Baby Ruth, rich in dextrose, helps to fortify you against fatigue when body sugars are low. Because Baby Ruth helps provide so many of the essential foods necessary for strenuous activity, millions are sent to Uncle Sam's fighters everywhere. Because their needs come FIRST, you may not always find Baby Ruth at your store, but shortages are only temporary . . . ask again for your Baby Ruth.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.

Yep! Cookies made with Baby Ruth taste good!

Recipe on every wrapper

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



# HANDY ANDY

FIRST: - TAKE AN OLD DERBY HAT. - IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN USE SOMEBODY ELSE'S. - ANY OLD DERBY WILL DO -

WHY MULLO JOE! - SAY HOW'D Y'KNOW, - THAT I HAD AN UNCLE IN KOKOMO?

NEXT. - RIVET A STRIP OF CHROMIUM (1/4 INCHES WIDE) SNUGLY TO THE SWEAT-BAND ON THE INSIDE OF THE DERBY.



NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE! - NEXT SOLDER THE ENDS OF THE POWER-COILED SPRINGS TO THE INSIDE OF EACH STRIP SEPARATELY - HOLDING THE SPRINGS TAUT WITH AN UNSEEN CLASP



RESULT: - NOW BY MERELY PRESSING THE BUTTON IN YOUR RIGHT-HAND TROUSER POCKET YOU CAN TIP YOUR HAT ALL DAY LONG WITHOUT ONCE TAKING YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!

WITHOUT A DOUBT HE'S THE MOST POLITE MAN IN TOWN. - I WONDER WHO HE CAN BE?

OH, MARGE, HE'S SUCH A PERFECT GENTLEMAN HE MUST BE SOME KIND OF A FOREIGNER - OR SUMPIN'!

OUR OWN FAVORITE HOMESPUN INVENTOR WHO HEREWIT SHOWS YOU JUST HOW TO MAKE ONE OF THE MOST AMAZINGLY USEFUL THINGUM-MY-BOBBS OUT OF A MERE HANDFUL OF DISCARDED KNOCK-KNOCKS AND SECOND-HAND JUNK -

HERE'S ONE PAL, THAT'S NOT EVEN IN THE BOOK!

NOW, - AND THIS IS MOST IMPORTANT, - RUSH TO THE NEAREST HARDWARE STORE AND BUY -

- TWO YARDS OF WAFER-THIN FLEXIBLE CHROMIUM, - ONE DOZEN FLAT-FACED RIVETS, - ONE PAIR OF POWER-COILED SPRINGS, AND ONE THIN ONE-INCH CHROMIUM HINGE -

SPECIAL

TO-DAY.

MUSICAL SAW

NO MORE

THAN ONE

GROSS TO A

CUSTOMER.

COMING  
RIGHT UP,  
CHUM - !

THEN SHAPE A SECOND STRIP OF THE CHROMIUM TO YOUR OWN INDIVIDUAL HEAD-SIZE, FITTING SAME NEATLY INSIDE THE SWEAT-BAND STRIP - AND JOINING BOTH STRIPS AT THE BACK OF THE DERBY WITH THE ONE-INCH HINGE, - THUSLY,



AND LASTLY HAVE ANY GRADE-A ELECTRICIAN HOOK UP AN ELECTRIC WIRED CONTACT BETWEEN THE UNSEEN CLASP IN YOUR DERBY AND A HIDDEN HIP-POCKET STORAGE BATTERY - WIRED IN TURN TO YOUR RIGHT TROUSER POCKET



FOR SUCH IDEAS YOU  
SHOULD GET PATENTED -  
PAID SO IT'S FINISHED -  
FOR \$ 49.50!

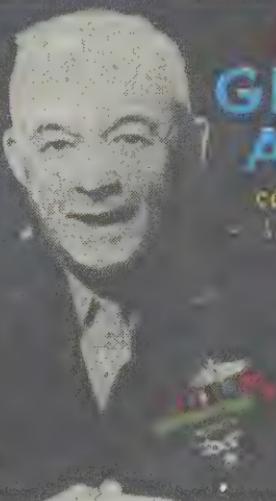
WHO IS  
THAT PEST  
ANYHOW?

TIP!  
TIP!  
= TIP!

HOWDY,  
FOLKS;  
HOWDY;  
HOWDY;  
HOWDY!



An important  
message to the  
BOYS and GIRLS  
of AMERICA!



from

**GENERAL  
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL  
U. S. ARMY  
AIR FORCES.

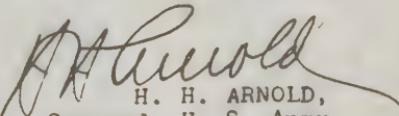
WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.



  
H. H. ARNOLD,  
General, U. S. Army,  
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.



The

# The BOY COMMANDOS

in "MISSION  
of ERRORS!"

**ORDER OF THE DAY**

Remember orders  
are orders! But  
things are not  
always what  
they seem!

*Rip Carter*  
CAPTAIN



WHEN THE BOY COMMANDOS RAID THE FRENCH INVASION COAST, THAT'S NOT NEWS! BUT WHEN THEY RAID THE COAST OF ENGLAND, THEIR HOME BASE, THAT'S NEWS AND THEN SOME! AS A MATTER OF FACT, NO ONE IS MORE SURPRISED THAN THEY WHEN SUCH TOPSY-TURVY ORDERS COME THROUGH!

BY  
JOE SIMON  
and  
JACK KIRBY



WHILE TOUGH COMMANDOS PREPARE FOR A DARING RAID ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...

AIN'T WE GONNA BE TOLD WHERE WE'RE GOIN', RIP?

NOT UNTIL JUST BEFORE WE LEAVE. I ONLY KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT!



AT GENERAL STAFF HEADQUARTERS...

LIEUTENANT FAIRBANKS, THIS PAPER BEARS THE OBJECTIVE FOR TONIGHT'S COMMANDO RAID! GIVE IT TO CAPTAIN CARTER JUST AS HE IS READY TO DEPART!

YES, SIR!

MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY SECRET HIDEOUT OF GESTAPO-AGENT SCHWINHUNDE...

HMM... A WONDERFUL NIGHT. HOPE THE JERRIES DON'T PICK IT FOR AN AIR RAID...



YA, HERR SCHWINHUNDE!

WHEEEEEEEEEEE!

BLAWST THEM! THEY WOULD SPOIL A CHARMING EVENING WITH THEIR NUISANCE RAIDS!

ACH! I MUST SEEK SHELTER!

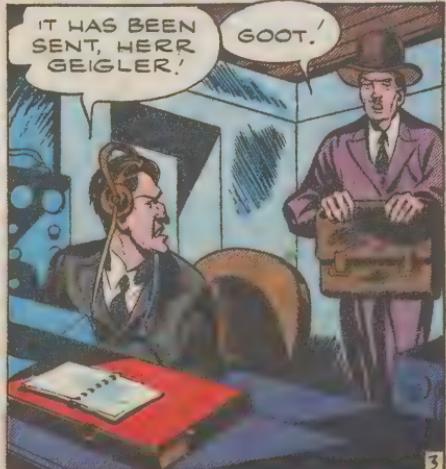
RAID SHELTER #31

WELL, I HOPE THE RAID DOESN'T DELAY ME TOO LONG!





THE TWO MESSENGERS HURRY OFF, NEITHER ONE DREAMING THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE CARRYING THE RIGHT BRIEF-CASE .





AND AT ANOTHER SPOT, ON THE BLACKED-OUT COAST OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...

HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS, SIR!

OKAY, KIDS, PILE IN WHILE I READ IT!

ALL ABOARD ON DA FLATBUSH EXPRESS!

Take command of all agents. Report to Dover. Password is "I'll take the flowers!" at Tillingham Road.

WHAT IS ZEE MATTARE, REEP?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT OUR ORDERS HAVE BEEN CHANGED! WE'RE NOT GOING TO RAID THE FRENCH COAST!

WOT'S DA IDEAR! I WUZ ALL SET FER SOME ACTION!

THIS IS A SURPRISE TO ME, TOO, SIR! BUT THESE ARE THE ORDERS THE STAFF SENT FOR YOU...

WELL, ORDERS ARE ORDERS!



KIDS, WE'RE ORDERED TO DOVER FOR A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING! IF WE DRIVE FAST, WE'LL REACH THE CITY IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

OKAY, OKAY, OKAY! I'M OBEDIING ME ORDERS-- BUT DIS IS GONNA BE TAME STUFF AFTER GETTING ALL HEPPED ABOUT A RAID!

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, AS THE MESSAGE SENT BY HERR GEIGLER IS RECEIVED...

ORDERS FROM OUR GESTAPO CHIEF IN ENGLAND, HERR CAPTAIN PUNKT!

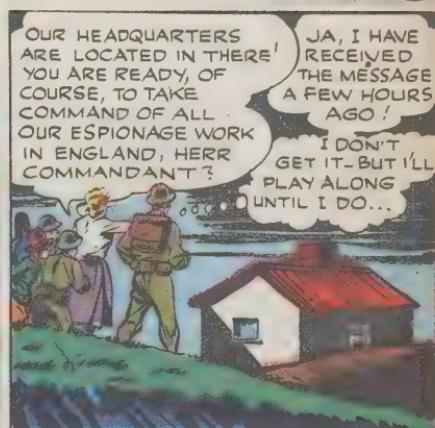
GOOD-I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR!





THUS, THROUGH AN UN-  
WITTING SWITCH IN BRIE-  
CASES, A STRANGE  
COMBINATION OF EVENTS  
BEGINS TO SHAPE UP!  
RIP HAS RECEIVED ORDERS  
INTENDED FOR CAPTAIN  
PUNKT; PUNKT HAS RE-  
CEIVED ORDERS INTENDED  
FOR RIP! MOREOVER,  
POSITION 14, MAP 3"  
ON THE FRENCH COAST  
CORRESPONDS TO THE  
NAZI SPY DEPOT ON  
THE ENGLISH COAST,  
WHICH MEANS THAT  
COMMANDO CAPTAIN  
RIP CARTER AND NAZI  
CAPTAIN PUNKT ARE DES-  
TINED TO MEET IN DOVER.







MEANWHILE, ON THE NEARBY BEACH, CAPTAIN PUNKT IS LANDING...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, HERR CAPTAIN?

ACH! I HAVE ORDERS TO RAID OUR SECRET HEADQUARTERS. IT WAS THE ORDER YOUR CHIEF RADIOED TO ME!

TONIGHT A NEW CHIEF IS TAKING COMMAND OF OUR SPY SYSTEM... PERHAPS HE ORDERED THIS RAID! BRING YOUR MEN QUIETLY, HERR CAPTAIN.



AT THAT VERY INSTANT...

I WILL NOW TAKE COMMAND! MY FIRST ORDER IS TO SING OUR VICTORY SONG! BROOKLYN WILL TAKE OUT HIS VIOLIN AND WHEN HE PLAYS EVERYONE WILL RAISE HIS HANDS...

HUH? HAVE YA GONE NUTS? YA KNOW DIS VIOLIN IS-- ULP!

DESE BUMS IS GONNA RAISE THEIR HANDS WHEN I PLAYS ME "FIDDLE!" RIP WANTS ME TA STICK-UP DA BUNCH O' GORILLAS!

ALL RIGHT, MUGGS! REACH FER DA CEILING!

WHAT?  
HIMMEL!

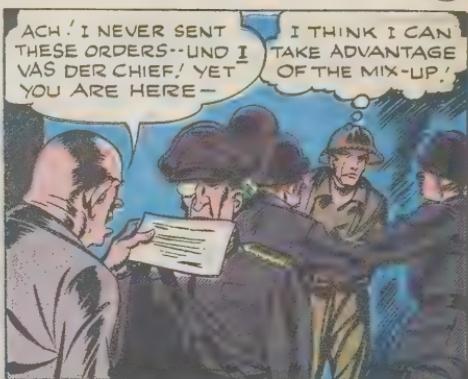


CONFUSION PILES ON TOP OF CONFUSION! CAPTAIN PUNKT ARRIVES AT JUST THAT MOMENT!

HIMMEL! WE GET ORDERS TO RAID THESE HEADQUARTERS, UND ARRIVE TO FIND DER ENGLISH RAIDING THEM!

VOT GIFFS HERE, ANYWAY?





I CAN EXPLAIN THIS MIX-UP! HERR SCHWINHUNDE WAS THE CHIEF, I AM THE NEW CHIEF! AND AS SOON AS I WAS APPOINTED, I TOOK STEPS TO CAPTURE A TRAITOR WE HAD AMONG US! IN SHORT, I ORDERED THIS RAID!

IS THIS TRUE?

ASK OUR MEN IF I WAS NOT BROUGHT HERE BY HERR SCHWINHUNDE HIMSELF TO TAKE COMMAND!

JA, HERR CAPTAIN!  
IT IS IN SO! DOT CASE,  
RELEASE THEM AND RETURN THEIR GUNS!

MY APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN CARTER!

ALL RIGHT, HERR CAPTAIN! NOW IF MY BOYS ARE READY--WE'LL TAKE CHARGE AGAIN!

ALL SET, RIP!





MINUTES LATER...

JAN, ANDRE! GET UPSTAIRS AND WATCH THESE RATS AS WE MARCH THEM UPSTAIRS!

OUI! EET EES A PLAISIR!

WE 'EARD SHOTS! BLIMEY--LOOK AT THAT!

LOOKS LIKE SOME NAZIS RAIDED OUR COAST, FERDY! BUT I'LL SEE THE BOY COMMANDOS 'AVE THEM IN AND!



WHERE YA RUSHIN' US NOW, RIP? WE DONE OUR NIGHT'S WOIK!

NOT QUITE, BROOKLYN! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO STAFF HEADQUARTERS AND FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THE MIX-UP IN THE ORDERS...

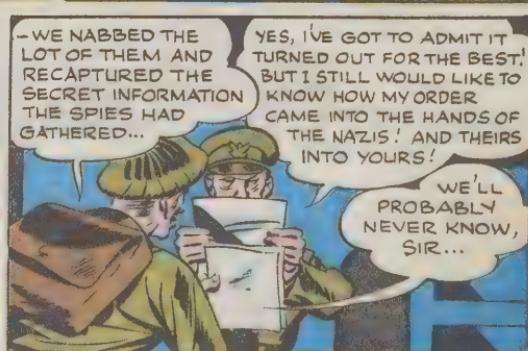
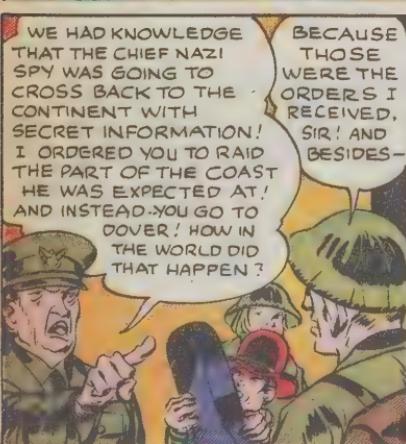


WE HAD KNOWLEDGE THAT THE CHIEF NAZI SPY WAS GOING TO CROSS BACK TO THE CONTINENT WITH SECRET INFORMATION! I ORDERED YOU TO RAID THE PART OF THE COAST HE WAS EXPECTED AT! AND INSTEAD--YOU GO TO DOVER! HOW IN THE WORLD DID THAT HAPPEN?

BECAUSE THOSE WERE THE ORDERS I RECEIVED, SIR! AND BESIDES--

-WE NABBED THE LOT OF THEM AND RECAPTURED THE SECRET INFORMATION THE SPIES HAD GATHERED...

YES, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT TURNED OUT FOR THE BEST! BUT I STILL WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW MY ORDER CAME INTO THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS! AND THEIRS INTO YOURS!



BUT WE KNOW, DON'T WE? AND ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL...



# THE CHAMP

by Eddie Bell

EDDIE BLANE stood on the corner of Twelfth and Main and looked at the glowing sign on the Arena. Crowds were pouring into the palace of sport.

"Hiya, Champ."

The greeting came from Anders, the Swedish cop, who directed Arena traffic. Eddie grinned pleasantly, waved his hand in the direction of the crowd. "Some mob, tonight."

"Yessir, Champ," Anders said. "It takes a Blane to bring 'em in, doesn't it?" He didn't wait for Eddie's answer, but busied himself suddenly in bawling out a cab driver. "Hey, where you think you're going—to a race?" He peered into the cab, while the cabbie fidgeted uncomfortably and stammered: "Sorry, officer, I was just trying to get these folks close to the entrance."

Looking into the back, Anders grinned. "Okay," he said. "Go ahead. But watch your driving." Then, to Eddie: "Gold braid. A lot of it."

"You should have been a fighter yourself, Anders," Eddie Blane said. "You sure can dish it out."

"Yeah, but not the way you can, Champ. You Blanes always could fight."

Yes, Eddie reflected, Blanes always could fight. There was his Pop, and his brothers, Pete and Joe. And he, Eddie—they called him the greatest champ of all. Right up there on the marquee it could be proved. The name Blane was the kind of magic word that always dragged in a crowd. The crowd was never disappointed when a Blane fought.

"Thanks, pal," Eddie said. "You always were in my corner."

"Yeah—and you'd better be getting into the ring now," the policeman warned. "Look at the time."

Eddie looked up at the Paramount clock, just as he always had when he showed up here for a fight. "Plenty of time," he said, languidly. "Besides, if they haven't got the air conditioning on, it's gonna be plenty hot in there."

Chuckling, he walked away. His remark was only a personal jest, and it never failed to amuse him. With a start, he remembered he had been saying just about that thing for ten years. He felt a little proud, too. No other champion had ever held onto the crown that long.

Everyone knew him, everyone said, "Hiya, Eddie," as he pushed his way along the crowded sidewalk to gain the door through which the fighters passed.

Old Mike was there, his usual jovial self. "This is gonna be some night, huh, Champ? Bet we knock 'em dead tonight."

"I don't doubt it," Eddie kidded back. He flexed his left arm. "Still packs a lot of power, Mike."

"Quit your kidding," Mike said. "Go on inside to the dressing room."

They were all there, too. The familiar faces, the photographers, the sport writers. Cleary, of the Mercury wanted to know how he felt. Eddie said everyone should know how he felt. "And," he added, "You can quote me as saying, I'm a little nervous, too."

"Just like you are at all your fights, Eddie." Cleary smiled. Sitting there under the light, which poured down on his head, Cleary shook his graying mane. Once, he had heaped

coals of abuse on Eddie's head. Now they were fast friends. Cleary had once written that Eddie would never be the champ his pop had been.

Yes, now they were friends, a couple of old gaffers, Eddie thought. From the crowded auditorium, a thunderous roar welled into the corridors, down the long hall into the dressing room, increasing in volume, deafening the ear drums like the tremendous pressure of the sea.

Cleary said: "They sure like the preliminary."

"They ought to," Eddie said. "Those boys are both champs." He was referring to the amateur lightweight champion and the professional champion who had agreed to meet for the sports cavalcade.

"There's nothing wrong with America," Cleary said, "and sports will always show it. These people out there are paying plenty in war bonds to see this show. And all you champs are doing your stuff."

"And I hope I can keep on doing it," Eddie said, under his breath. "I got reasons."

Yes, he did have reasons—reasons like Sis, his youngest daughter, and young Eddie, his boy. They were two good reasons in themselves to keep punching until Tojo and Hitler were brought to their knees. Eddie smacked his bare fist nervously into his palm.

It seemed funny not to be dressing in here. Him, Eddie Blane, the champ. Gosh, he'd started out from this same dressing room, ten years ago, a green kid, and in a very little time had become champion of the world. Fight? That was his middle name. Like his father before him, and his brothers, Eddie Blane had been in there (Continued on inside back cover)



# THREE-RING BINKS

BOOKING AGENT FOR CIRCUS,  
SIDE SHOW, CARNIVAL, ETC.,  
ETC., TALENT DE LUXE !

BINKS, I WANTS YOU TO MEET UP WITH MY LATEST AND GREATEST FIND, MY NEW PROTEGE AND ESCAPE ARTIST SUPREME—"ERNIE THE EEL"—ERNIE CAN WRIGGLE HIMSELF OUT OF ANYTHING FROM A DOUBLE STRAIT-JACKET TO A SOUR DEBT, WITH THE EASE OF THAT GUY ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE—HOWZABOUT CHASIN' YOUR COMPETITION RIGHT OUTA TOWN BY STITCHING HIM UP HERE AN' NOW WITH A CONTRACT?

SIDDOWN, TIRESOME, AND LET ME BALLYHOO YOU ABOUT AN ESCAPE ARTIST I HAD FOR TWELVE YEARS WITH MY OWN CARNIVAL—A TROUPER WHO MADE EVERY LAST ONE OF HIS TIN-PLATE IMITATORS RUSH FOR THE NEAREST EXIT—I'M SPEAKING OF THE ONE AND ONLY 'ESCAPOLA' THE GREAT!!



ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I WAS HOP-SKIPPING THROUGH THE OZARK MOUNTAINS WITH A LITTLE OLD ROUND-SHOULDERED ONE-TENT CARNIVAL, WHEN ONE DAY A PERFECT STRANGER POPS IN ON ME AND PROPOSITIONS THISAWAY ---

I'M ONLY THE GREATEST ESCAPE ARTIST THAT EVER PERFORMED A CLEAN 'BREAK-OUT' OF ANYTHING YOU CARE TO LOCK ME UP IN—C'MON, SON—TRY ME OUT!!

HIYA, CHUM—I SAW YOUR SHOW LAST NIGHT AND I'M STILL SEA-SICK! MAN, WHAT YOUR SHOW NEEDS NOTHIN' ELSE BUT IS ME!

AND WHO'S YOU?

HMM... YOU'RE THAT GOOD, EH--WELL, CAN YOU BREAK OUT OF A SAFE?





A SAFE? — HEH-HEH-HEH....  
JUST TRY ME OUT, BROTHER —  
THAT'S ALL—JUST TRY ME OUT!!

OKAY, MY FINE FEATHERED  
FRIEND — STEP RIGHT INTO  
MY OFFICE, LET'S HAVE  
A QUICK SHOW-DOWN!

NOW, SONNY BOY, MAKE YOURSELF  
AS UNCOMFORTABLE AS YOU CAN IN  
THERE, AND I'LL SPIN THE LITTLE OL'  
SAFETY-CLUTCH ON THE COMBINATION!

HAW! — I'LL HAVE TO LET HIM OUT  
AGAIN IN ABOUT AN HOUR, 'CAUSE THIS  
VAULT AINT AIR-CONDITIONED — IT'S  
ONE SWELL WAY TO GET RID OF A  
PEST THOUGH! — I'LL TELL THE ...

BUT BEFORE I COULD EVEN FINISH  
TWIRLING THE COMBINATION OF THE  
SAFE, WHO WALKS UP BEHIND ME  
AND TAPS ME ON THE SHOULDER.  
BUT HIM! S'HELP ME!!

HERE, CHUM, PUT THIS STUFF  
BACK IN THERE — I JUST TOOK  
IT OUT FOR A LARK — HONEST I DID!

PHEW! — REALIZING IN A DULL FLASH  
THAT IF HE WAS THAT GOOD, HE WAS A  
MILLION DOLLAR ATTRACTION, I SIGNED HIM  
UP QUICKER'N YOU COULD SAY JACK  
ROBINSON! I NICKNAMED HIM  
**ESCAPOLA!**

WHAM!! — HE WASN'T AN OVERNIGHT  
HIT — HE WAS A WHOLESALE RIOT!!  
HE ACTUALLY HAD US SELLING TICKETS  
FASTER'N WE COULD PRINT THEM!

I'VE PUT YOU DOWN FOR A  
SLIDING SALARY... \$18 A WEEK  
THAT CAN EITHER SLIDE  
UP OR DOWN!

HOW CAN  
YOU BE SO  
GOOD TO  
ME, A  
PERFECT  
STRANGER?

PATIENCE, FOLKS, ANOTHER  
BATCH O' TICKETS ARE  
A-COMIN' UP — HOT OFF  
THE PRESS!



EVERY TOWN WE PLAYED IT WAS THE SAME - UP, DOWN, AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY, FROM EVERY CORNER CAME THE SAME CRY FROM THE CIRCUS PUBLIC —



THEN IT HAPPENED!! WE HAD A STANDING OFFER OF \$10,000 TO ANYONE WHO COULD SUCCESSFULLY IMPRISON ESCAPOLA IN ANY SPOT OR CONTRAPTION WHATSOEVER, AND MAKE IT EFFECTIVE FOR ONE FULL HOUR! WE WERE PLAYING A BIG NEW ENGLAND PACKING CASE CENTER LATE ONE FALL, AND —

WE WANT,  
ESCAPOLA!!



A GANG OF STALWARTS SOON APPEARED WITH A HUGE PACKING CASE, MADE OF TWO-INCH OAK. IN THE DEAD CENTER OF THIS THEY STOOD ESCAPOLA - CHAINED, HANDCUFFED AND STRAIT-JACKETED - ON HIS HEAD!!

I'M KNOWN 'ROUND THESE PARTS AS PACKIN' CASE PACKY CASEY, POD'NER! I'M ACCEPTIN' YOUR CHALLENGE AN' MY MEN WILL BE HERE WITHIN' THE NONCE!

TAIN'T SOON ENOUGH, PAL!



NEXT THEY NEATLY WALLED HIM UP IN THIS IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION WITH WHAT LOOKED TO ME LIKE VERY EXPENSIVE GLAZED FACING BRICKS.



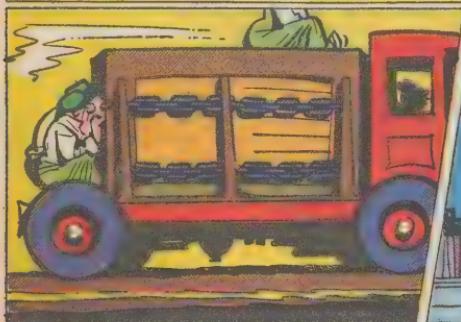
THEN THEY FLOODED EVERY INCH OF THE REMAINING SPACE WITH SOLID, DOUBLY REINFORCED CONCRETE..

NEXT THEY SLAMMED ON THE TOP AND DROVE THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF 6 INCH NAILS INTO THE STURDY OAK BOX, MAKING IT ONE SOLID UNIT ...





PACKING-CASE CASEY HAD A HUGE TRUCK AT THE BACK DOOR (HE DIDN'T MISS A TRICK) HE SOON HAD THE CASE ABOARD AND DROVE (YOU GUessed IT) STRAIGHT TO THE RIVER !!



WITH ONE MIGHTY HEAVE THEY TOSSED THE LOADED PACKING CASE INTO THE ALREADY FREEZING NEW ENGLAND RIVER BELOW ---



WE WATCHED IT CRASH - SPLASH - THEN INSTANTLY SINK IN THE BLACK ICY WATERS BELOW! -- UGH!!

NOW, MR. CIRCUS MAN, I THINK I'LL BE AFTER COLLECTIN' THE \$10,000 FORFEIT IN PRIZE MONEY!



IN TWO MINUTES WE WERE BACK. AS WE ENTERED, THE PHONE RANG. IT WAS THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION OF THE STATE OF ALABAMA CALLING -- AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS ON THE WIRE ?

DON'T TELL ME THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA?



NO!... IT WAS ESCAPOLA!!

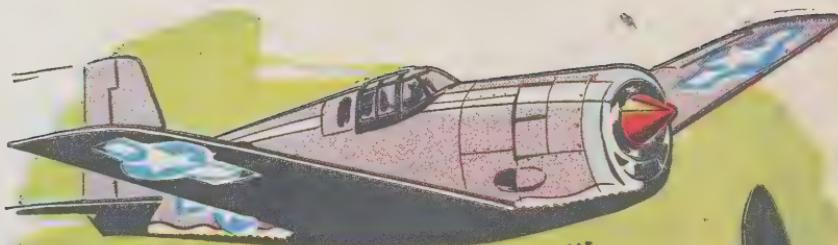


HEY! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, WHERE YA HEADIN'?

HEH.-HEH.-HEH.

OW-WAH!!  
WE'RE BREAKING OUT OF YOUR PACKING CASE NOW, BINKS--SO-O LONG!!





## LOOK AT THESE AMAZING FEATURES

• **Authentic models.** Realistic copies of actual war-famed fighters.

• **Actually fly.** Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand.

• **Easy to build.** Assembly kits include complete cut-out sheets on special paper cover stock and step-by-step illustrated instructions.

• **Realistic detail.** Including such features as motor cowling and ventilator, cockpit cover, propeller hub. Indicating retractable landing gear, ailerons, landing flaps, machine guns.

• **Full color.** Hellcat in two tones of blue for water and sky camouflage. Nakajima in brilliant yellow and blue.

• **Official battle insignia.** Hellcat is marked with U. S. bar and star design. Nakajima displays red circle insignia of Imperial Japanese Air Force.

• **Over 9 inch wing spread.** For real gliding power.

• **Hollow fuselage.** Shaped to give recognition silhouette of planes modeled after.

• **Rugged construction.** Will fly hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to ships.

• **G-line flight.** Rigged for continuous G-line flying your models will zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control.

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ONE Wheaties box top and five cents

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JACK ARMSTRONG  
Box 7310, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying models: U. S. Grumman Hellcat and Jap Nakajima. I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

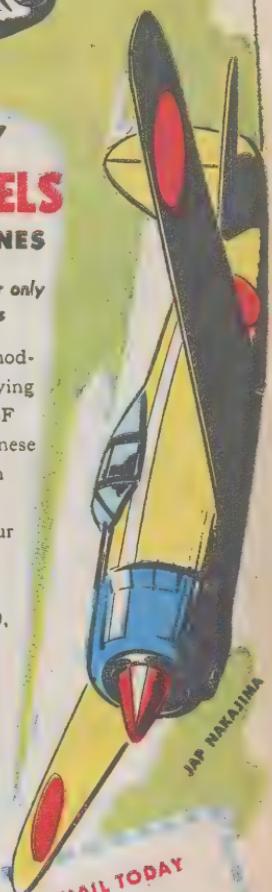
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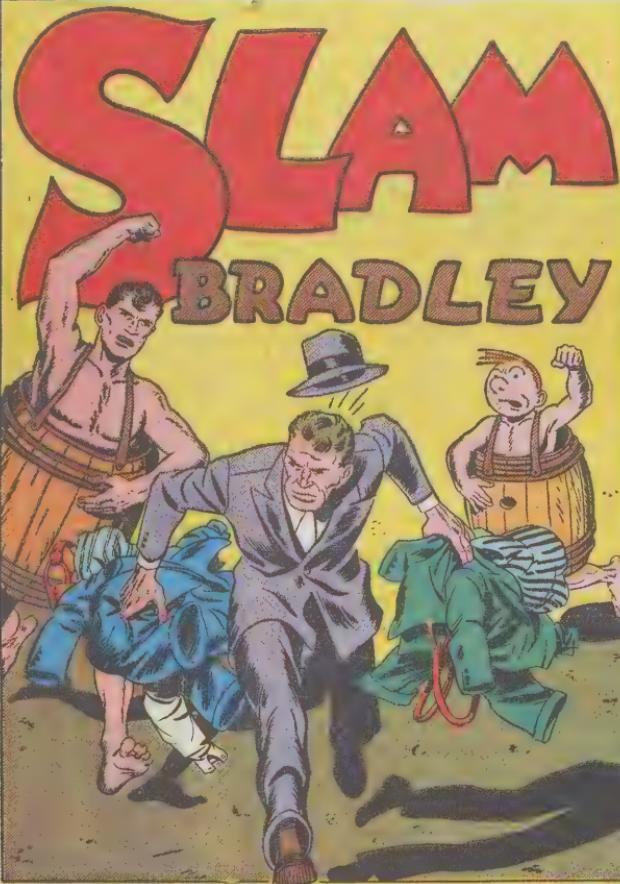
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL TODAY

Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





© 1940 DC Comics  
CRAZY JOBS ARE THE CONSTANT LOT OF THE PRIVATE COP, BUT THIS TIME SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS HALF-PINT PARTNER WIN THE PRIZE FOR A GOOFY ASSIGNMENT! WHAT A TANGLE OF TROUBLE FOR THE SOCKING SLEUTHS WHEN A REFORMED FILCHER HIRES THEM TO WATCH HIS CRIMES! THEN OUT OF A VERITABLE WELTER OF WANDERING WALLETS, EMERGES THE OLD TRUTH THAT...

**"THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE!"**



NOTE THE SATISFIED SMILE OF SHORTY, THE MIGHTY MITE, AS HE HASTENS TO MEET HIS PARTNER, SLAM. HAS HE JUST SOLVED AN IMPORTANT CASE? HAS HE DEALT CRIME ANOTHER CRUSHING BLOW? WELL-- NOT QUITE!

GOOD OL' CHARLEY-- WHAT A PAL TO RUN INTO! HERE'S ME AN' SLAM WITHOUT A DIME BETWEEN US, AN CHARLEY SLIPS ME THE FIVE HE BORROWED LAST YEAR. BOY-- ARE WE GONNA EAT FANCY!



YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE GOOD NEWS, RUNT! DID YOU PERSUADE NICK TO GIVE US CREDIT FOR A MEAL?

NO WASH-HOUSES FOR US TODAY, PAL! I AM THE EXCLUSIVE PROPRIETOR OF FIVE WHOLE DOLLARS!



WHAT'LL IT BE -  
LOBSTER THERMI-  
DOR? STEAK?  
PATE DE FOIS  
GRAS? HEY--  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO MY WALLET?

I BEEN ROBBED!  
ME, THE SLICEST  
SLEUTH IN TOWN,  
TAKEN OVER BY A  
DIP! IF I EVER LAY  
MY HANDS ON--

PARDON  
ME,  
GENTS...

COME IN! COME IN! WHAT'S  
YOUR TROUBLE, FRIEND?  
WE'LL CLEAN UP YOUR  
PROBLEM IN A JIFFY. BRAD-  
LEY AND MORGAN ARE  
ALWAYS ALERT, NEVER  
ASLEEP---

YOU AND  
YOUR  
LOBSTER  
THERMIDOR!

YEAH,  
OUR EMPTY  
STOMACHS KEEP  
US AWAKE!

ER-- IT'S  
KINDA EMBAR-  
ASSING, BUT...

HERE'S YER WALLET,  
MISTER. YA SEE, I USED  
TO BE SAM THE DIP.  
BUT SINCE I INHERITED  
A LOT OF DOUGH, I  
BEEN TRYIN' TO GO  
STRAIGHT! BUT I  
JUST CAN'T KEEP  
ME HANDS FROM  
PICKIN' POCKETS!

MY  
WALLET!

TAKE IT EASY,  
HALF-PINT. LET'S  
HEAR WHAT HE  
HAS TO SAY!

YEAH, DON'T GET SORE,  
MISTER! I DIDN'T MEAN  
NOTHIN' BY IT. LIKE I  
SAY, I CAN'T BREAK  
OFF DA HABIT  
OVER NIGHT!

YA HEAR  
THAT,  
SHORTY?  
HIS HEART'S  
IN THE  
RIGHT  
PLACE!  
IT'S A  
DEAL!

BUT  
KEEPING  
A  
WATCHFUL  
EYE ON THE  
DEXTEROUS  
DIGITS OF  
SAM THE  
DIP TURNS  
OUT TO BE  
NO SMALL  
TASK! AS  
THE  
AFTER-  
NOON WEARS  
ON...

I DON'T MIND TELLING  
YOU SAM--THIS IS  
GETTING TO BE QUITE  
A STRAIN! FORTUN-  
ATELY, THIS  
NEIGHBORHOOD  
IS ALMOST  
DESERTED.

I'M  
TELLING  
YA, I JUS'  
CAN'T HELP  
MESELF!







THE BATTLE ENDS, HOWEVER, WHEN FLYING FEET CARRY THE FRUSTRATED FELONS OUT OF RANGE OF FLYING FISTS!





I WUZ AFRAID TO TELL YA RIGHT AWAY, BUT I GOTTA ADMIT I CLIPPED DAT GUY'S WALLET WHEN HE BLIMPED INTO ME BEFORE.

HOLY CATS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO-RETURN IT! THE PLANS ARE ALL IN HERE WITH THE GUY'S ADDRESS.

A FINE THING! AN' ME WATCHIN' SAM LIKE A HAWK!

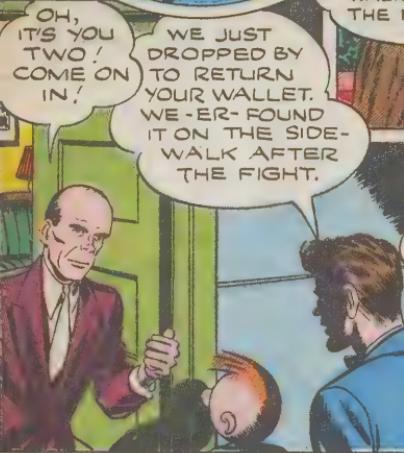
SORRY, GENTS-- BUT IT AIN'T EASY TO BUST AN OLD HABIT!



SOME TIME LATER...

WELL, HERE'S THE HOUSE! SAM, YOU WAIT OUTSIDE. OTHERWISE YOU'RE LIABLE TO WALK OFF WITH HALF THE FURNITURE!

OKAY, OKAY! BUT DON'T FERGET TO TELL HIM YA FOUND THE WALLET AFTER DA FIGHT! I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE!



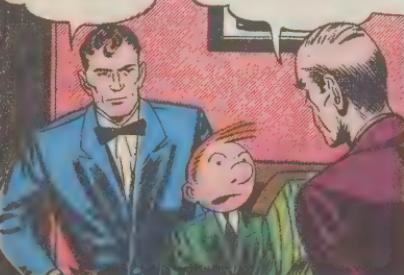
WHILE BACK AT THE APARTMENT OF MAC FETTISH...

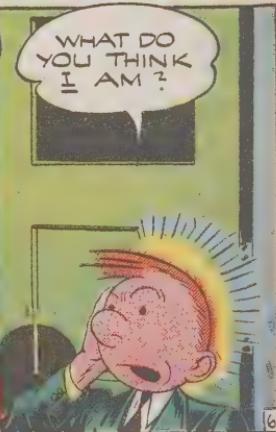
HOW'D THOSE CROOKS KNOW YOU CARRIED THOSE PLANS ON YOU?

THEY COULD HAE OVERHEARD ME TALKIN' WI' A FRIEND IN SOME RESTAURANT!

TIS NAE WEE THING YE HAE DONE FOR ME. I WON'T FORGET--

ALL RIGHT! START GRABBIN' FER DA CEILING, EVERYBODY!

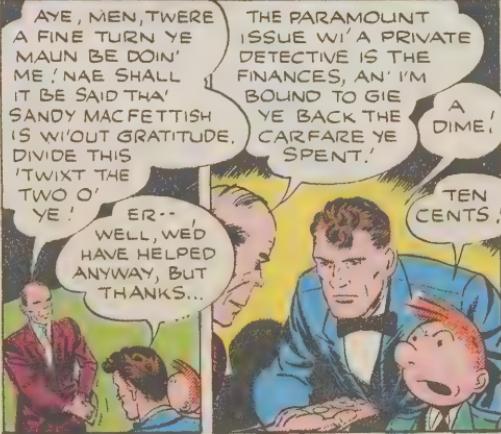








But  
WAS IT  
NOT  
SAID  
THAT--  
"THE  
BEST  
LAID  
SCHEMES  
O'MICE  
AN'MEN  
GANG  
OFT  
AGLEY,  
LET  
US  
SEE...

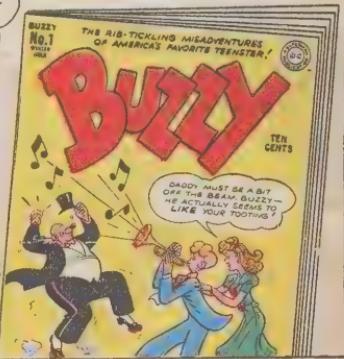


SAY, GENERAL --- Y'KNOW  
THAT BUZZY GUY THAT'S  
BEEN MAKING SUCH A HIT  
IN ALL FUNNY COMICS?



YES, CORPORAL ---  
AND NOW THEY'VE PUT  
HIM IN A MAGAZINE  
ALL HIS OWN! WE  
MUSTN'T MISS IT! //

ON  
SALE  
OCTOBER  
18<sup>TH</sup>



# READY FOR Christmas

## The New Improved DAISY CHATTERMATIC

Ready for you for Christmas or anytime—the new, improved DAISY CHATTERMATIC—America's most famous sub-machine play gun! (Not an air rifle.) Safe, thrilling fun. Shoots "NOISE"—and plenty of it! CHATTERMATIC has realistic handgrip, round machine-gun style magazine. Jet black barrel. Natural wood-finish stock with patriotic VICTORY INSIGNIA. Turn the firing crank...feel that easier, smoother "shooting action"...hear that exciting "Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat-Tat"! Sturdy, all-wood construction. It's the best—a DAISY! Ask your folks to mail only \$1 plus 10c for postage-handling direct to Daisy, we'll ship yours at once. Hurry!

Smooth Action  
SUB-MACHINE GUN

RAT-TAT-A-TAT

Only  
\$1.00

Play the Part  
of a Soldier  
Dramatic Sounds

BANG!



New SMOOTHER-ACTION  
Pump Repeating BANG-GUN

\$1.50

HARMLESS



New Improved  
DAISY  
COMMANDO  
Repeating PLAY GUN

Get this safe, new, improved DAISY COMMANDO in your hands—slam that husky stock to your shoulder—grab the pump action and make her go "BANG! BANG! BANG!" Enjoy these desirable features: (1) Military-type gun sling. (2) New, heavier, huskier barrel. (3) Louder "BANG!" every time you work the pump action. (4) Smoother, more positive pump action. (5) Real barrel DOUBLE-METAL ANCHORED to stock for greater strength. (6) Real wood finish stock with VICTORY INSIGNIA on it. Be a Commando now! Ask the grown-ups in your family to send only \$1.50 plus 10c postage-handling charge for your genuine Daisy Commando.

## PARENTS!

These new, improved Daisy Play guns carry the Commandment Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. Both guns are harmless yet supply fun, action and satisfying noise to children 4 to 11 years old. Superior DAISY quality, durability, craftsmanship & built into each gun. Order DIRECT today. (Prices subject to change without notice.)

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got his Chattermatic I had to have one too. So here's the money Mother gave me to buy it with. Several of my friends have Chattermatics now. It makes a dandy noise; it's easy to use and so much fun!" *Diane Hudson—Penham Manor, N. Y.*

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battling. He never forgot Pop's instruction, the first day Pop had decided to put young Eddie in the amateurs over at the CYO in Chicago. "Give your public a good fight, Eddie," Pop had said, "and an honest one. If you give the best you've got in you, they'll never let you down."

And the public hadn't. Through the years, Eddie Blane fought. He was afraid of no one, even today. But he had an idea that tonight he was losing his crown.

Oddly, the thought made him very happy. He noticed Cleary staring at him and, abashedly, wiped the grin from his face. No use being sentimental about this thing. He couldn't lick the young fellow who'd be out there in the ring tonight, and he knew it.

"Okay, Champ," Buckles, his handler, popped into the room. "I've got your stuff. Let's go down the hall."

They had to do that this time. For the newsreels. Otherwise, Eddie wouldn't have consented. This room, he felt, was like a good luck charm. But the newsreels wanted shots in the other room, so . . .

He faced the battery of lamps, a smile on his face, listened to the familiar whir of the cameras. This was old stuff to him, but tonight it was new. The muscles rippled beneath his tanned body as he stood there in fighting gear.

He suddenly felt a little tired.

Then it was over. "Thanks, Eddie. Good luck." They all liked him, these strange men who poked their cameras all over the world. Most of the cameramen he knew were working on the battlefronts. Eddie got a big kick out of the clips when he visited the newsreel theatre. Which was often nowadays.

He thought of that as he walked down the long corridor. Yes, he had been watching those newsreels a lot more anxiously than people thought.

As he told himself, he had a reason, a good reason.

Only right now he wouldn't have to think about it. A Blane could always take care of himself.

A sudden stillness shook Eddie Blane out of his reverie. Something was happening outside, in the arena. He heard Buckles running behind him. "C'mon, Champ," he said. "We can't miss this."

Eddie double-timed ahead, elbowed his way between the two special policemen standing at the entrance the fighters used going to the ring. They grinned when they saw him. "Some night, huh, Champ?"

But Eddie wasn't looking at them. His eyes were on the Army officer standing in the middle of the ring. The officer was talking into a microphone, thanking the packed house for their contributions to the Bond Drive.

And then Eddie's gaze shifted, and he saw the tall, bronzed young man step into the ring. The officer looked over, smiled as the boy climbed through the ropes. He didn't mention the boy's name over the loud speaker. He didn't have to. Everyone knew who the young Marine was, what he had done. The papers had been filled with his exploits. The bright lights

glinted on the golden Marine insignia on the boy's blue dressing gown.

"C'mon, Eddie," Buckles urged. "Get goin' into the ring."

Eddie's eyes were wet as he walked through a wall of cheers, and climbed through the ropes. The place was bedlam as the boy he was to box an exhibition fight with came toward him, then threw his arms around him.

"C'mon, Pop," he whispered. "We'll show 'em you're still the champ. Even if you have been retired ten years and this is an exhibition bout."

Eddie Blane grinned happily, looked at his son, recently returned from the battle zone. It had been a happy idea of Cleary's to have Old Eddie and Young Eddie box in this War Bond Cavalcade of Sports.

"Okay, Son," Eddie Blane said, huskily. "Get back into your corner. And come out fighting at the bell."

He smiled happily as he walked into his own corner. He was thinking of Young Eddie's record in the South Pacific as he said to Buckles: "There's the real champ, Buckles—him and all the rest of the boys in uniform—and nobody in this world'll beat 'em."

You tell it to  
SOMEONE  
who repeats it to  
SOMEONE  
who's overheard by  
SOMEONE  
in Axis pay, so  
SOMEONE  
you know . . . may die!

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